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## **"THE UNIVERSITY IN KHAKI"**

The world has walked the *via dolorosa*. From that difficult yet wonderfully glorious journey have come many lessons—many blessings. Not the least among these, insofar as Americans are concerned, is the introduction of Americans to America's most distinguished institution—the United States Army.

In pre-war times Americans, intent upon their immediate tasks,—their immediate problems—and knowing opportunity only as it existed in their immediate surroundings, appreciated but vaguely the purposes of and the opportunities offered by this great and many-sided organization.

The great war and its immediate aftermath has literally forced upon our people a truer understanding, and today there is scarcely an American of understanding age who is not familiar with at least one phase of the Nation's most representative body.

Situated on one of the beauty spots of our National Capital and serving as a veritable human magnet, is the Walter Reed Army Hospital, giving to nearly 2,000 men the services of the most skilled of physicians and surgeons. The Walter Reed Hospital is but one of 57 General Hospitals operated by our Army, each of which is located among the most pleasant natural surroundings; each of which is employing the most able specialists; each of which is caring for quotas of Army men varying in numbers from 800 to more than 2,000. Yet all these together constitute but a single phase of the work and purpose of our Army.

The war intensified and drew attention to their great work.

But the Army is not always at war. It is not an instrument for bringing about war. Rather, it is one for preventing war, for a nation strongly armed is in much less danger of being assaulted or having acts of aggression perpetrated against it than one not so well prepared. Nor is it the policy of the Army to mark time in days of peace. In the past, during such periods, the Army engaged in work of inestimable importance—the building of the Panama Canal, one of the milestones in human progress; the rehabilitation of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire; the pacification of the Republic of Cuba. And the American Army

of today is preparing for, and will be called upon to accomplish, still greater peace-time achievements.

Among the most important of its future work—a phase already in operation—is the program for the education and training of the individual soldier.

The Army of today has become a veritable "University in Khaki," where expert instruction in almost numberless skilled trades and professions is offered the young men of the country.

An idea of the scope of its educational plan is suggested in the fact that the Motor Transport Corps has established schools for the training of chauffeurs, auto-repair men and auto-mechanics; that the schools operated by the Air Service are thoroughly training men in more than forty skilled trades; that the Enlisted Specialists' School of the Coast Artillery Corps is instructing men in all branches of electrical engineering—telephones, cables, dynamos, motors, etc.; that the Army School for Cooks and Bakers is teaching men their particular trades; that the Infantry, the Cavalry, the Field Artillery, the Corps of Engineers, the Signal Corps, the Ordnance Corps, and the Quartermaster Corps all offer courses in highly specialized occupations. In fact there is scarcely a single line of endeavor that is not represented in the curriculum of the Army's educational program.

And by offering such education and such training the Army accomplishes two great ends. It develops Army men collectively into a gigantic and efficient organization capable of handling the important peace problems with which it will be intrusted, and it prepares the individual man for greater individual usefulness and greater individual reward, whether the man remains in the service of the Army or returns to civil life.

In so doing the Army does not forget or overlook the individual. There is no tuition charged by the "University in Khaki." Instead, its policy is "Earn While You Learn," and to those who enroll comes not only good pay but travel, recreation, clothing, comfortable quarters, wholesome food and expert medical and dental attendance.

(Continued on page 19.)

# THE SILVER CHEVY



## RECONSTRUCTION BASE HOSPITAL CAMP GRANT, ILL.





## THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

Found—a son!

Buddy, there is a sentence with some meaning. It may not mean much to you, but it brought happiness into a Missouri home, and brought together a father and his soldier son from whom he had not heard in two years—and the Port of Missing Men was the means by which it was brought about.

Here's the story: Among the thirty-two hospital newspapers of the Medical Department in which the Port of Missing Men column is printed is the Fort Bayard News, published at the U. S. Army General Hospital at Fort Bayard, N. Mex. A copy of this paper somehow came into the hands of John McClenning, 1915 Market street, Hannibal, Mo., and he noted the existence of the Port of Missing Men. Without hope this old man, bowed with grief and weary with waiting for word from his son, from whom he had not heard in two years, sent an inquiry asking for news of Private Alvis D. McClenning. Fate was kind, for Private McClenning was at that minute a patient in the hospital recuperating from wounds received overseas, and receiving the best of medical attention.

It took but a moment for the morale officer of the hospital to advise Mr. McClenning that his long-lost son was at Fort Bayard "sitting pretty," and eager and anxious to see his daddy. Daddy McClenning wired back that he was on his way, and it was only a few hours before the grateful father was enjoying a happy reunion with his soldier son.

Now you can see just what the Port of Missing Men is accomplishing. Everybody scan the inquiries below, and there may be more reunions.

Let's find some more lost buddies!

Private Albert Hussman, Company C, 163d Infantry, A. E. F., reported missing in action July 23, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Mildred Seaverns, 711 Cunningham street, Rockford, Ill.

Private Henry Higgins, Forty-seventh Company, Fifth Regiment Marines, reported missing in action October 25, 1918, later February 4, 1919, reported killed. Inquiry

made by mother, Mrs. Charles Nest, Boston, Ohio, R. F. D., and relative, Phil E. Sigler, 1515 Granville avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Corp. Harry W. Gumbs, Company I, Twenty-third Infantry; last heard from in letter dated July 1, 1918. Later reported missing in action since July 1. Unofficially reported killed in action later. Reported seen in hospital in Paris on September 19, 1918. Inform Margaret Gumbs, 316½ Ninth street, Jersey City, N. J.

Privates Joseph Johnson, Company 18, 136th Infantry, A. E. F., and Conrad B. Johnson, Battery A, B. B. B. Company F, A. E. F., have not been heard from since May, 1918. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Otto Johnson, R. F. D. 2, Burtrum, Minn.

Private Carson F. Williams, Company 2, S. A. R. D. Engineers, last heard of December 5, 1918, in Liverpool, England. Inquiry from Mrs. P. D. Cowan, Freeman, N. C.

Private Joseph Blewitt, Company B, 121st Engineers, A. E. F., last heard of in December, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Edna Blewitt, 666 Ninth avenue, New York City.

Private James A. Kellington, Company A, 18th Infantry, A. E. F., last heard of in August, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Addie Kellington, R. F. D. No. 1, Robbinsville, N. J.

Private Frank V. Formanck, Company B, Third Ammunition Train, last heard of in November 2, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Alvina Formanck, 9500 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Sergt. Frederick A. Dockendorf, Company K, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Fourth Division, reported wounded in action August 31, Inquiry from Mrs. Irene M. Dockendorf, 658 West Eighteenth street, Chicago, Ill.

Private William C. Nolan, Fifty-first Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment, U. S. Marines, reported missing in action on June 11, 1918. Address information to Mrs. Clara Nolan, 3676 Laclede avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



## THE SILVER CHEV'

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Official Publication of the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Illinois.  
Published by Authority of the Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army.

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### AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

Much has been said and much more will be said and written apropos of the general feeling of deadly indifference and apathy accorded the men who have saved the United States for true Americans.

It is a burning shame that a country such as ours should for a moment permit a man who has sacrificed everything—and none who has not actually suffered the same miseries can possibly appreciate the full meaning of those words—to allow even one of these men to be forced into a state of practical beggardom, is beyond belief—yet cruelly true.

The unemployment situation in the various large labor centers has been and still remains most acute. This will doubtless continue for some time to come, while the readjustment to a normal peace basis in business is being accomplished. But there is, on the other hand, much that the business men of America can do to partially, if not entirely, relieve the situation. The story of the man who, upon returning to his place of former employment, has found a girl filling his job at a reduced salary, or

his employer unwilling to accept him back, has become threadbare from much telling, but is made none the less tragic by repetition. This is a most deplorable state of affairs, and one which can and must be remedied without further delay by business men's organizations throughout the land. Recently in Chicago, during a stay of less than a day, a total of thirty-two discharged soldiers, all wearing the uniform, walked up to the writer and begged him for something to eat and a place to sleep. The story was practically the same in every case. Such conditions must not be permitted to longer exist. Absolutely no sacrifice made by any man who was not actually in a uniform can possibly compare with that which has been made by the four million men who were called. This is no idle statement, but fact. And for this reason, if for no other, these returning fighters should be treated as favored MEN—not as luckless beggars.

We call on the employers of America to come to the aid of the men who have saved for freedom this great nation. Give them what they deserve, and all they are asking for—A JOB!

# THE SILVER CHEVY

Since the world began, there have been three professions which have been looked up to by the laity: The church, the law, and the military. Later on, the profession of medicine has been added to this list, but only within the last two centuries. It was considered a laudable ambition for a young man to aspire to one or the other, and where the family pocketbook was not plethoric enough to meet the demands of the education necessary, it was considered no disgrace for the young man to work his way upward to the honors he coveted.

In the profession of arms, all men cannot be Generals or Captains. There must be lower grades, and while there has been some criticism of the men in the ranks from time to time, such criticism is unjustifiable. The men who cause such criticism are not types of the best soldiers. It is an honor for a man to wear the uniform of an enlisted man as long as he himself does not disgrace it. Many of the world's greatest Generals began their service in the ranks and show by their attainments that duty well-performed is recognized. There seems to be a general opinion that the enlisted man is a menial and is subject to all manner of degrading tasks and disciplinary measures. This is a great mistake. The internal mechanism of an Army demands many sorts of duties, some of which may appear menial but which are decidedly necessary for the proper administration of an organization. It is true that he was made fun of by his comrades, but only because they had to do the same

tacks. It is hard to be on Outside Police duty when you would rather be on pass, but how many boys have had to rake the yard and 'police' around the home when their more lucky comrades went fishing.

The man at arms has always been a man of ready wit, sometimes rough in his play, and not always a saint. Yet underneath the hardened exterior beat the same heart of courage and kindly feeling as that which beat under the coat of mail. The valorous deeds of the Knight have always been duplicated by the Squire and the man at arms.

The kindly acts of chivalry have been performed equally by each and all have won their mead of praise. The only difference in the men was that of degree and not in actuality and while one ordered and the other served, there has been that fellow feeling between them which has always actuated the hearts of our race.

When an extra detail falls your way, and you think it is not your turn to be assigned, don't growl before executing your duty; do it afterward. Go to your immediate superior, squad or section leader and lodge a request to see the First Sergeant, in order that he may lay the matter before the Commanding Officer.

There is nothing in military discipline and routine to cause a man to think any the less of himself. If you do your duty wholeheartedly and to the best of your ability, you feel better and win the respect of those who serve with you.





## SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

If you consider our side of the question, you'll say right pronto that the undertaker's been busy. And if you only risk half a glance at the other view, doubtless you will see the sun shining, the birds singing, and know that Spring is here. And all this is brought about—

Because—

"Har" Bransky has left us.

Personally, we feel like hanging a lot of crepe, pulling off a generous portion of sob-stuff, cursing quite a number of persons very volubly, and then drowning our sorrows in a "coke and cherry." That's because we miss "Har's" line, his ever-present good humor and ready wit.

On the other hand—

We suppose it's only right to be the original unselfish little things, and be grateful for "Har's" sake that he's gone back to the life where he has the privilege of whistling at least once a week without fear of court-martial, and where the whistling is not pushed out of your system in a half-hearted attempt to keep your morale from slipping to 'way below zero, but is used as an expression of honest happiness. It isn't necessary for us to give any resumé of Harry's army existence—every one who knew him liked him immensely. Sometimes he was understood, and sometimes he wasn't—intentionally. But that's all over with now—for him—and we hope he will forgive a lot of things, just as we all have had or will, in future, have to do. We are speaking for the Detachment as a unit when we say that our heartiest good wishes for "Har's" health, happiness and success in every way go with him into that joyous realm of bliss—civilian life.

## MORE BLACK BORDERS.

As this issue of "THE SILVER CHEV" goes to press, another of the best men ever listed among those of this Detachment is leaving us. Sergeant first-class Walter C. Adams, who has been on duty at this Hospital for the past twenty months, received orders transferring him to Fort Riley, Kansas, for duty with the Medical Examining Board of that Camp on May twelfth, and departed for his new station on the fourteenth.

Inasmuch as he has been our very own buddie for the eight months just past, we can state without fear of successful contradiction that "Walt" is one of the best fellows it has ever been our good fortune to know, and we believe that this personal opinion is shared by every man of the Detachment who has known him. It is doubtful whether there has ever been another man in this Hospital who has been so popular as has "Walt," and his departure is going to leave a big vacant spot in our hearts that it will be difficult to fill.

Sgt. Adams enlisted on May 11th, 1917, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and was sent from there to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where he remained for several months. Upon the opening of the Base Hospital at this Camp, he was transferred here for duty, and has stayed with us ever since. During his residence here, "Walt" has been Non-com. in charge of Hospital mail, and, more latterly, Editor-in-chief of this magazine, and has performed all of his duties in a most creditable manner. It is quite superfluous to state that our best wishes go with him to the new post. Here's hoping you will be able to substitute the Red Chev' for the Silver as soon as you get there, Walt.

# THE SILVER CHEVON

## THE LITTLE RED CHEVRON.

Oh! the little red Chevron,  
How brightly it gleams  
On the arm of the bearer,  
And how happy he seems!

As he walks down the street  
With it sewed on his sleeve,  
Proclaiming to all  
That he's going to leave.

The Chevron of gold  
Shows that you've been "over there,"  
The Chevron of silver—  
You've not been anywhere.

But the Chevron of red  
Is the one I like best—  
If they give me that one,  
They can keep all the rest.

(By) Pvt. 1st Cl. Frederick A. Davis.

Join the Medical Corps  
No Metal Can Touch You Other Than  
Knife, Fork and Spoon.  
R. E. F.  
(Rockford Expeditionary Forces.)

"Top Kicker" Sgt. 1st Cl. Bell proves the  
"gallant spirit of the Medical Department"  
by going to Chicago to bring back a prisoner  
with a gun with no bullets. (Wonder if the  
prisoner knew just how harmless the weapon was?)

First Buck—"What was dat? A dud?"  
Second Buck—"Naw—it was de old man  
bustin' a corp."

Sgt. Bell, while calling the roll recently,  
sneezed.

"Present," answered Sgt. Lipovitz.

By the time this issue reaches the reader,  
the Base Hospital band will be back with us  
again, from their Victory Liberty Loan tour.  
Welcome "home," Band; may we have many  
of those enjoyable out-door concerts before  
your discharge date—July 6th.

We made a whirlwind success of our job  
as Kultur killers. Now give us soldiers a  
chance to show our spirit on some other  
real jobs.

## THE RIME OF THE PERSONNEL.

Yes,—they took me in the Army,  
Gave me shoes and uniform;  
Made a dummy soldier of me.  
Far from where the battles storm,  
I had no gun or bayonet,  
Have never seen a cannon yet—  
Couldn't even go amarching,  
Do you wonder that I fret?  
And all I did was write, write, write,  
Gee! they kept me working half the night;  
And the only blood and thunder  
Was when I would make a blunder.

And all the blessed daytime,  
On a hard and narrow seat,  
We just sat and wrote up So'jers,  
And 'twas awful in the heat;  
While the sun beat down like fury,  
While the dust was everywhere, ;  
We just sat and questioned rookies,  
Praying for a breath of air.  
We just wrote, wrote, wrote,  
Gosh—how the beggars got our goat,  
And they laughed at us and jeered us,  
Because the enemy wasn't near us,  
Lord! I wished I had a gun so I could fight.

We just sat and asked them questions,  
Where they lived and what their age,  
Were they ever in the Service?  
Why—the answers filled a page.  
If they croaked, where should we send them,  
Where's their birthplace, who they keep?  
Some were so bloomin' ignorant  
That their dumbness made you weep.  
But all we did was write, write, write.  
Kept a-working half the night;  
Yep, we're in the Personnel,  
If you ask me,—why it's—Well,  
We only wish that we could fight.

We're still here when all is over,  
And the boys are marching back,  
Telling how they licked the Germans,  
How they gave Wilhelm the sack.  
We don't know how long they'll keep us,  
Letting out what we let in,  
Then they'll send us back to the home folks,  
Who will greet us with a grin;  
For we wrote, wrote, wrote,  
No!—we didn't cross the ocean in a boat,  
And we didn't see the fighting,  
Because we were too damn busy writing;  
Do you wonder that I think that I'm the  
GOAT?

—Reynold A. Lee.

# THE SILVER CHEVY



## EXPERIENCES

(Contributed by an Overseas Man.)

It is all over now but the inksplashing, and as we sit here in Camp doing a soldier's favorite duty, "bunk fatigue," we let our minds wander back sometimes to "Over There." It seems a long way off to some, and yet many of its vivid scenes are stamped in our minds for all time.

We were in such haste to go—somewhat in a hurry to see just how the "Old Girl" (The Statue of Liberty) looked from the other side—eager to go to that "over there" that now means to us Brest, Havre, Paris, Tours, Bordeaux, and—"Up Ahead."

Paris—a place where one wondered just how a good time could be had no matter how long one was there, or how far he had gone with the good time stuff; the curiosity of the French and particularly of some petite Mlle; the air raids, with people running to cellars and Le Soldat Amerique running to see where it hit; and after it all, or two weeks at least, wondering what in Hell they rave over Paris for, and why mothers put up service stars for their sons when they are M. P's.

The trip in box cars—"Eight Cheveau or Forty Hommes"—will not be forgotten either. You stood up while your buddy slept; and after a live argument, and a few shoves, you exchanged places and let him walk on your weary frame for a change and revenge.

Were you ever in Bordeaux town? Oh, boy!! If so, you will always remember it. The beautiful climate, summer all the year

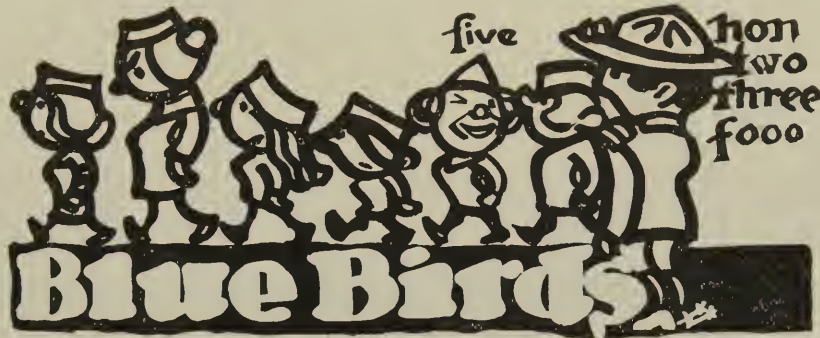
round; the centuries-old buildings; the beautiful Gironde flowing through it all; the Black Prince's Cave, and the old town of Loumont where Columbus once lived; its wines and its industry—the third city of France, but first in our memories.

But it was none of these things that interested us then. It was: "When do we get in?" Our first night 'in'; we have gone through the school from reserves to support—we're "In." Everyone quiet, for no one knows what is ahead for us. The next day after relief—"Gee, this is tame!" But news comes that the drive is on at Chateau Thierry, and St. Mihiel, and then we know something is doing, and to those points we are shifted.

From that time on, things go fast; we went over the top—and lay there; of course they got us, and as we first opened our eyes and saw the "Rose of No Man's Land," we felt very safe again and glad it was over for a while. Following that, the torture of the rides by train or ambulance, the sway of the ship, then—Home again.

And should we be sorry we have been there and back? NO!! And we are not. And when we get back into civilian life with returning strength and a fair chance, we will feel that we have a stronger and better country out of our efforts, our pain, and the missing buddies.

# THE SILVER CHEVY



Fading hope revives. With great jubilation of spirit we note faint signs of a dawning intelligence in our Dear Editor. Yes, really—hadn't you noticed it? We hope you did, for we do so much want our rising young genius to have a fair start with the public!! We had almost despaired of ever rousing that slumbering intellect,

Really, girls, this is so much more than we expected or deserve, that for the moment, it is rather difficult for us to formulate any definite opinions or answers. You can imagine our sensations, girls, upon being made the recipient of the above eulogy, having been similarly placed yourselves, no doubt. So sudden and all, don't you know? Just in the strictest confidence, remember, we're telling you this: For the moment, it actually had us stuttering for a reply! Can you imagine that—of us? And to think that our dear contemporary noted the passing gleam of brilliancy which flitted across our erstwhile soggy countenance and gave to us a look of intelligence almost human, for a brief second—when we didn't believe she caught it. It's such a relief and comfort to know that we've been paged by the im-

and it made us very, very sad, for he is such a nice boy—prettiest eyes you ever saw. And now we are so interested and anxious concerning his future—perhaps some day—who knows?—he may be a really, truly, grown-up editor. And then we'll simply 'most burst with pride. Won't you?

mortals and that our future is now assured. We worry so much over such trifles. And then that lilting, romantic sentence, as though twanged out by the Angels' Banjo Serenaders—"for he is such a nice boy. Prettiest eyes you ever saw." Oh, Alice, you are SO wonderful! We can't attempt to express to you our appreciation of them kind woids, but if you'll drop around to the office, sometime—? And if it weren't for the fact that our editorial aspirations are of the lowest order, never having reached above the plane of the "Evening American" we would be grateful to you for dreaming for us the noble job of professional ink-splashing. Sorry we haven't any more time to devote to pleasure today, but—well, see you later, Al.—The Ed.

## OVERSEAS VOCABULARY.

(For the information of the uninitiated).

Goldbricking—That tired feeling when the other fellow has it.

Cuckoo—Gone sleighriding. Subject for the Psycho ward: Usually referring to the ward surgeon.

Try Beans—Flattering comment on the way you arrange the pillows: not culinary advice.

Oooo, la la!—Means anything that can't be otherwise expressed.

Bookoo jake—What you don't get in the Army.

Toot sweet—The hurry-up signal: S.O.S.

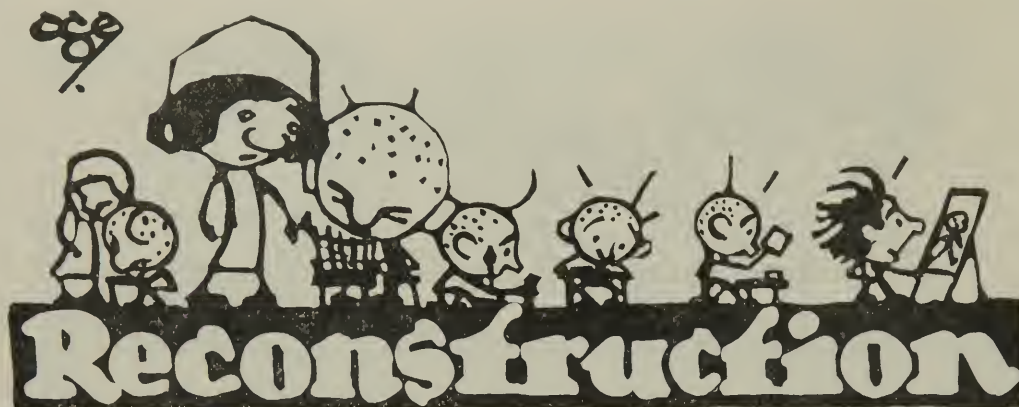
Cootie—Flea with military training.

You-tell-'em—(I stutter, or while I mark time), Simple way of passing the buck.

Shell shocked—The fellow who pulls the same joke today that you pulled yesterday.

(Continued on Page 20.)

# THE SILVER CHEVY



## THE MISSION OF RE-EDUCATION

Home again! At least back to the grand old Mississippi valley, where surely the grass is a bit greener and the skies a bit bluer than in any other spot in the universe. The convalescent soldier is near enough his home and his job to ponder a little during the long hours of enforced idleness. Will he go back to his old job or will he change to the new? Can he do what he has done before the war or have those deadly pieces of shrapnel decided against that for him?

He has heard so many times of the opportunities offered him after he is well enough to be discharged, by the Federal Board for Vocational Education and he wonders if he can begin now. Of course he can, and what a fine chance to test some of the plans he has been formulating during his period of waiting. Heavy manual labor is out of the question, but can he, with his school days so long behind him prepare for office work? After discussing the matter pro and con with those who know and who are just as much interested as he, he is encouraged to try.

Sometimes in bed, sometimes in a wheel chair, sometimes with his crutches lying on the floor beside him, he is one of a group gathered round the instructor, whose exceeding patience never seems to tire. Over and over again the mysteries of debit and credit are explained with never a show of weariness. Every soldier knows it is not accounting alone, that he is getting, but strength, comfort and courage.

In the spring the farmer boy thinks of his country home and knows how much he is

needed. Will he ever be able to put in those long days again, that meant so much to the farm's development? Perhaps not, but what about the tractors and other labor saving machinery so much in evidence just now? If he is unable to leave his bed, some books concerning these things are brought to him and some theoretical knowledge can be gained and when he is able to go to the shops many interesting problems present themselves.

Suppose his association with other men in the army has shown him the need for more education. What an opportunity, when he has so much time on his hands, to improve, his English, arithmetic, spelling, or penmanship. An aide will bring work in those subjects to him if he cannot leave his bed. If he can, he goes to Ward 28, with its bright curtains and easy chairs and the change of scene is not the least of the benefits. If he can go farther he goes to 324 and being stronger physically and having more time at his disposal his progress is more marked.

The right hand may have lost its cunning and the left must be trained to take its place. It seems a bit difficult at first, but under the wise guidance of a patient instructor in penmanship the letters begin to assume their natural shape. The encouragement thus gained brings renewed interest and effort and the hours slip by very rapidly. Often he carries on the work by himself and the pen and the typewriter are busy during the evening hours.

(Continued on page 19.)



## FROM BILL TO BUDDY

Camp Grant, May 8, 1919.

Dear Buddy:

How's every little thing in the old A. E. F?

Things over here look a lot different than when we were standin' in the mud and rain at Brest and countin' the days 'til we would be throwin' kisses at the Statoo of Liberty. Not but what that old girl looked pretty good to me when we sailed in there a few days ago.

Since I landed in "God's Country" have been checkin' things up pretty close by talkin' to guys on the outside and by readin' the papers. As a result have made a decision that may surprise you.

I could have had my old job back, in the saw mill out in Iowa; but believe me, Buddy, after I took one slant at the price of cits, say boy, I began to think twice. Used to be able to get a good pair of kicks for five beans, but now they spoil twelve iron men for you; hats and clothing are about the same.

So you will, I suppose, think me crazy when I tell you I have reenlisted for a three year hitch. But take it from me, Buddy, I'm wise. Besides, I talked it over with Mabel, and she sees it the same way as me. She says, "Now between us we can save enough for that little farm out near Davenport and raise chickens and everything." Some regular girl, Bo.

You see, Buddy, they give you a month's furlough to go home and see your folks and five cents a mile travel pay, in addition to your finals and your sixty dollars bonus. So you can blow into the old burg with a regular roll and put on a party or two, anyway. You know you get a furlough fare certificate which lets you ride for one cent a mile each way, so you also get a little velvet there. When your thirty days are up and you go back to your company, you have a full month's pay with your ration money, besides, comin' to you. So you start right off bat, with about forty-five iron men in your kick. Not bad, eh? You pick your own branch of the service, too, and can choose any locality in the U. S. or any of its possessions.

You know, Buddy, that the guy on the outside, that has no trade is outa luck nowadays. He can't get into a good job, or hold

it unless he takes a school course or works as an apprentice at small pay while he's learning. I always wanted to learn the auto game, but never had the price of a school course. If I tried it now, on the outside, as an apprentice, am afraid that my pay would hardly be enough to buy my eats.

So I am going in where I can learn auto repairing; haven't as yet decided whether it will be Motor Transport, Air Service, or Tanks. All of 'em give you a good chance. You see, Buddy, this man's army has some new stuff, trade schools. They are putting them in at all the posts and camps over the country. You can do your military work in the a. m. and go to school in the p. m. So in that way, what you learn in the afternoon you go right out the next morning and get the actual work. As a fact, it beats the regular schools and is a lot more interesting.

Could have put in for a one-year hitch if I had wanted to, but then that only gives you service in the U. S. Now that I have seen Belgium, France and Germany, thought I would like to take a slant at the Philip-pines, Canal Zone and some other places. Besides after the thirsty First of July, there won't be any vin rouge in this "land of the free" and you know me, Buddy. Ha! Ha! On the level, though, old timer, the army sure gives you a good chance, now. Don't need to worry about the price of clothes, chow or anything. The army keeps you in good shape and if you should get sick, doctors you free. And while learning a trade, you are paid for it.

Another reason I am figuring on this Phil-ippines thing for, is this, Buddy: I am going to learn to read and speak Spanish while in the army. I can handle French pretty well now, and believe that if I can throw the Spig talk, will be able to land a good thing when I get out. Fritz had a half Nelson on all that South American trade, but he is Finis on that now and your Uncle Samuel is going to grab off a lot of that velvet in the future. Listens right, don't it, that these manufacturers are going to do a gum shoe for some feller that can handle the lingo as salesmen, etc., in these countries. One of them will be yours truly.

(Continued on page 23.)



# BASEBALL

## Base Hospital vs. Ogburn's Colts.

Hospital Field, May 11, 1919.

One bad inning for the home team, which was the "lucky seventh" for Ogburn's Colts, of Rockford, allowed the "little horses" to trot away with a 5-4 victory. Houck had the Colts guessing from the start. Bouton also pitched fine ball, Saubert and Trester being the only ones who seemed to be able to figure him out. Saubert surely clouted that old pill and has two singles and two triples to his credit out of five trips to the plate. Sponberg, who started the game in the back-stop position for the visitors, paid the price of a split finger for an out in the first inning when he held a foul tip from Glumske's bat.

A large crowd was on hand and the new screen protection was greatly appreciated.

### How the Scores Were Made.

The game started off with a snap and three infield grounders retired the side. For the Base, Bausch struck out, P. Johnson had crossed the initial sack while Erickson was cooling off his hot grounder. He stole second and Saubert's single brought him home for the first score. No more scoring was done until the seventh.

The Seventh: Wigdor was not quite lucky enough to get Erickson's drive and he was safe on second. Houck walked Hyzer and Brown followed him, filling the bases. Erickson scored while P. Johnson threw Johnson out at first. Trester dropped Patchen's fly and Hyzer scored. Erickson was out, Bausch to Nelson, But Bausch failed to stop Bouton's grounder and Brown and Patchen both scored. Houck stopped the parade by fanning Higgins.

The Base made a desperate attempt to overcome the lead and succeeded in tying the score in their half. Wigdor walked; Nelson fanned and Bausch fouled out to Johnson. P. Johnson was safe when Brown erred. Saubert got the old wagon tongue swinging and drove the ball to deep center for three bases, scoring Wigdor and Johnson.

Trester smashed one through the pitcher's box to score Saubert. Glumske was out Johnson to Brown.

In the eighth Thomas fanned, Erickson got a scratch through second. Hyzer was out Houck to Nelson. Brown hit over third and Erickson scored the winning run. Johnson struck out.

We believe some of the "Colts" old enough to be shod; at least they had a horse-shoe about them somewhere. The box score follows:

### BASE HOSPITAL.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bausch, 2nd b. ....	5	0	0	3	2	1
P. Johnson, r. f. ....	5	2	1	0	1	0
Saubert, ss. ....	5	1	4	1	4	1
Trester, c. f. ....	4	0	3	3	0	1
Glumske, c. ....	4	0	0	9	2	0
H. Johnson, 3rd b. ....	4	0	1	1	2	0
Houck, p. ....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Wigdor, l. f. ....	2	1	0	1	1	0
Nelson, 1st b. ....	3	0	0	7	0	0
Crabtree, 1st b. ....	1	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	4	9	27	13	3	

### OGBURN'S COLTS

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Higgins, l. f. ....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Thomas, 2nd b. ....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Erickson, ss. ....	4	2	2	2	2	1
Hyzer, c. ....	3	1	1	9	1	0
Brown, 1st b. ....	3	1	1	9	0	1
Johnson, 3rd b. ....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Patchen, r. f. ....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Sponberg, c. ....	0	0	0	2	0	0
Bouton, p. ....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Erickson, c. f. ....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	5	5	27	8	2	

SUMMARY—Three base hits, Saubert, 2; Hyzer. Two base hits, Erickson. Struck out by Houck, 9; by Bouton, 10. Base on balls, off Houck, 4; off Bouton, 2. Stolen bases, P. Johnson, Wigdor. Left on bases, Base, 8; Colts, 3. Time of game 2 hours. Umpires, Lt. Donaghy and Sec. Pence.

# THE SILVER CHEVY



## IDLE MOMENTS

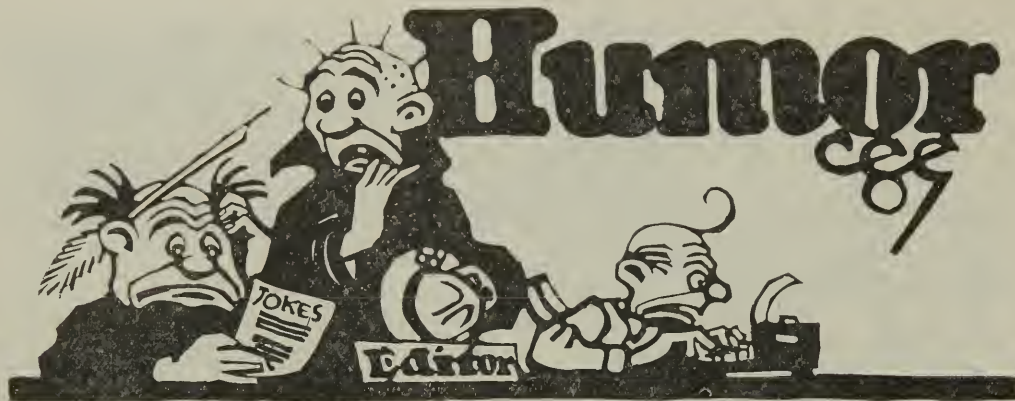
Not so many days ago, upon emerging from the Administration Building one bright Spring afternoon, our eyes were blinded by what we at first supposed must be the unusual sunshine, to which we were unaccustomed, but which, upon regaining our normal vision, some moments later, we discovered to be nothing more nor less than the dazzlingly new cordovans and highly-polished spurs of our old friend, Lieut. George U. Stacy, chief of a certain department of the Section of General Surgery of this Hospital. Just how the Lieutenant is assisted in his special branch of work by the shining putts, we cannot say, but it is not difficult for us to imagine that the spurs could easily be used to advantage in helping the Chief to get a good foot-hold on the operating table when he operates on a particularly boisterous customer. We hope to be able to print a full and detailed explanation of the incidents leading up to the desperate decision to make this purchase, in our next issue. Watch these columns

closely for further particulars, as it may give you just the excuse you have been waiting for all these long months. Lieutenant Stacy, we're paging you!

### FORMER OFFICER PAYS VISIT.

Lieut. Colonel Howard Bailey, Medical Corps, who was formerly Sanitary Inspector of the Eighty-sixth Division while the Blackhawks were being mobilized at this Camp, was a most welcome visitor to the Hospital a few days ago. Lieut. Colonel Bailey was at that time a Major, and was transferred from Camp Grant to Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, when the Division moved, at which point he was instructor in the Medical Officers' Training Camp. At the present time, Colonel Bailey is Executive Officer to the Surgeon of the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey. It is safe to say that Colonel Bailey was one of the best, as well as one of the best-liked officers who was ever on duty at Camp Grant.





## The General Attitude of the Everyday Civilian Who Meets the Soldier On His Pass

### QUESTIONS

What, you still in? .....  
 Ain't you out yet? .....  
 You must like the place?.....  
 Going to make the Army your home?.....  
 You must be up for Cpl.?.....  
 You going to lock up the place?.....  
 Remember, I said the Navy was best.....  
 Why don't you see a Congressman?.....

Have you put in affidavits? .....  
 Won't they let you go? .....  
 Have you tried an S. C. D.?.....  
 In wrong? .....  
 They can't hold you .....  
 What's the matter with your line?.....  
 Jack's been home three months.....  
 Can't you get a job? ..  
 I'll get you out .....  
 Wise to politics? .....  
 I'll see what I can do for you.....  
 Write the President? .....  
 Democrat or Republican? .....  
 How long you been in? .....  
 I suppose you don't mind it?.....  
 Better than starving to death .....  
 You're doing fine work .....  
 He who comes out last laughs best.....

You don't drink any way .....  
 The Army must agree with you?.....  
 Minnesota sure misses you .....  
 Think you'll get the six months' pay?.....  
 I thought you got to France?.....  
 Weren't you commissioned? .....  
 I thought you'd be out the first? .....

### ANSWERS

Yep, still at it.  
 No, still on the job.  
 Great for a burial ground  
 Not so you can notice it.  
 No, Pvt. Icl.  
 I wish I could find the keys.  
 You mean Billy Sunday's Rest Camps?  
 I've seen twelve. "Oh, Promise Me That  
 Some Day You and I!"  
 Affidavits! Don't make me laugh!  
 Sure, I'm out now! Out of luck.  
 I've tried everything but Poison.  
 Nope, can't make them understand.  
 Oh, can't they? Well, I've got car-fare.  
 Guess I've reached the end of it.  
 Where has he been hiding?  
 No, a job can't get me.  
 Success.  
 Yes, I think too wise.  
 If you need glasses drop a line.  
 We're not on speaking terms.  
 Third degree Bolsheviki.  
 Long enough.  
 No, I won't after the first of July.  
 Yep, you're right; the world's wrong.  
 I know where I can do better.  
 Yes, but think of the laughs the first ones  
 had!  
 The army's driving me to it.  
 No, no, I must agree with the army.  
 Well, I reckon it ain't my fault.  
 I'd leave for nothing.  
 No, I battled the Flu.  
 No, still on straight salary.  
 Yes, the first chance.

(Continued on Page 21.)

## Stop! Look! and Listen!

Some poet or other has, in part, said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Since the bluebirds are young and "youth is quick and eager," we can readily understand why they should break rules, but the white nurses can not blame Mother Nature, consequently we attribute it to second childhood.

Little drops of atropine explain the conspicuous absence of Clifton J. Muir, 2nd Lt. of S. C., from the Easter dance.

The enlisted men may be the "worms of the earth," but upon close observation, it is found that the bluebirds seem to be the "early birds that catch the worms."

The nurses in Quarters H are "at ease." "Grandma Cat" and her family are vacationing.

We would suggest that W. W. Bauer, Capt. M. C., read the article found on page 639 of the May number of the American Journal of Nursing.

Miss Emmie Evjue had a "coming out" party last week. It certainly was a "swell affair."

The patients of the Base Hospital are receiving excellent care at the hands of the bluebirds, "assisted by the white nurses."

A young quail may be seen hovering around Quarters H at any time. "Oh, Min!"

Who was the new M. P. stationed at the Eridge one night last week?

Ask any medical officer who won the war for the "Democrats" and he will shake his head. He is too much of a gentleman to tell the truth.

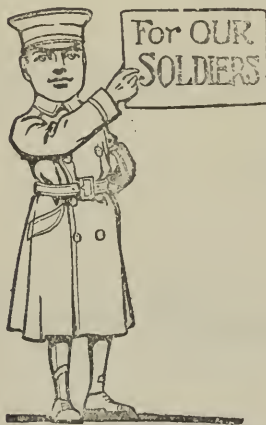
If "Pop" Eberspacher, Capt. M. C., continues to call us young girls "wall flowers," leap year will still find "Pop" leading the lonely life of a bachelor.

Enlisted man coming out from under an anaesthetic:—"I know seven thousand good reasons for being in the army, and I can't think of a d— one."

"Stand back, boys! Stand back! Keep away from the nurses! They're reserved for officers only."

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# EAT FISHERS HOME

## MADE PIES

## Gleanings of the Windy City

While on pass in Chicago, the writer happened to pass down Michigan Boulevard at the time when the Victory Loan festivities were at their zenith. Standing opposite the Art Institute and glancing hurriedly about, my eyes fell upon the noble, albeit somewhat corpulent figure of our distinguished Detachment Commander, who was seated comfortably atop the hurricane deck of one of our North Shore busses. As the observer's eyes chanced to wander over the other occupants of the car, one of the Base men was noticed seated directly in back of the Captain, and through a process of coercion, the following information has come to light:

As the gas wagon rumbled past the Montgomery Ward Tower Building, the Captain was seen to gaze with admiration up the three hundred foot stone facing and was heard to remark: "There's the best outfit in THIS man's country, belie-e-eve me! Many a good separator's come to Michigan from there." This statement was closely followed by an announcement from the conductor's megaphone for the passengers below to put up their umbrellas or to close the windows. Just at this moment, the river was crossed and the following extract is quoted: "By Golly's there's a bigger boat than ever was on the Escanaba River." Around the corner by the Pier the big bus lurched, and roared up the Drive past the Potter Palmer residence. Judging from the exterior of the home, they must have had all the modern inconveniences: hot and cold folding doors, two kinds of water, leaky radiators and at least two Fords. Here's another conversational gem in monologue culled from the many: "I've heard of Palmer, but I guess Potter must have been dead quite some time." The big bus was now passing Mayor Thompson's home, and the following was overheard: "Little different from the residence of Hiram Perkins, the Mayor of Burt." "The cathedrals down here are sure some bigger than the ones in my country." A stop was made at the gateway of Lincoln Park to take on passengers. During this slight intermission, the Captain noticed a United Cigar store, and this is what it elicited: "Wish Drangelis was here; I'd send him for a plug of Climax. Reckon I'll run out by the end of the trip." While traveling through the Park, we came opposite the Zoo, where, to my great surprise, waiting for a bus, stood Sergeant Blakesley. The Captain saw the Sergeant and he, the Captain. Salutes were exchanged, and Blakesley entered the bus. A moment later, we were startled by some grumbling, when all of a sudden, I heard the Captain say: "If the conductor won't let you keep them down there, hand up the rakes to me, but keep the plow below." The rakes came up top, closely followed by the figure of the Sergeant, who took a seat

(Continued on page 22.)

## THE MISSION OF RE-EDUCATION

(Continued from page 12.)

The patient who is hungry for his old university associations finds his work in trigonometry with another soldier who feels the same way about it, a bright spot in the day, and when he returns from his ten day furlough he is eager to resume his study.

"Anything for anybody for any length of time and for any purpose," is the literal slogan of the Educational Service and the soldier soon realizes its truth. The range from simple addition to higher mathematics, from the drawing of geometrical figures to structural designing and from elementary sentence forming to advanced English tells the story of the work, and it is not difficult for the soldier to find what he wants and to profit thereby.

He feels the spirit of interest and friendliness that pervades the place, and doesn't always understand the reason. Not accustomed to the analysis of situation, it is not always apparent to him that those who are working with him are gainers, also. The appreciable effects of any movement are the effects on disposition and character, and even the least impressionable soldier brings with him something of benefit to those about him.

The Educational Service is not giving, but sharing, and expresses its appreciation of the privilege of so doing.

## "THE UNIVERSITY IN KHAKI"

(Continued from page 3.)

This interest in the individual is shown in other respects. Promotions in the ranks, with accompanying higher pay, come swiftly to the ambitious; opportunity to enter West Point as cadets comes to ninety men each year, while to additional numbers comes the opportunity of gaining commissioned ratings by direct promotion from the ranks. And, after thirty years of service, the Army bestows upon the individual for the remainder of his life three-fourths of the pay of the grade held by him upon retirement, plus \$9.50 per month for clothing and rations, plus \$6.25 per month for quarters, light and heat, plus the privilege of purchasing his supplies at cost from Army supply depots.

Everyone is familiar with the phrase—"The Greatest Mother in the World." It is the very apt characterization of the American Red Cross, and no one denies that it truly typifies the great humanitarian aim of that wonderful organization. There is a vastly similar phrase now coming into use. This phrase is—"The Nation's Greatest Father." It is being employed to characterize the aim of the United States Army—THE NEW UNITED STATES ARMY—in its relation to the individual soldier, and just as truly as the aim of the Red Cross is symbolized by its expression, "The Greatest Mother in the World," so is the purpose of our Army made clear in the newer slogan—"The Nation's Greatest Father."

J. F. KERR, Brig.-General.

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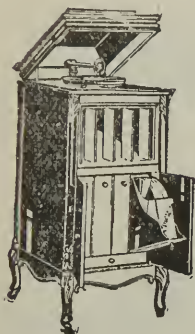
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## Twitters

(Continued from page 11.)

### TALE OF AN OVERSEAS MAN.

Out in a shell-hole in No Man's Land

I lay alone; had poked my head

Just over the edge, for a heavy fog

Hung close to earth; a bit of lead

Had met me there—that's the reason why

I stayed at the hole while the rest went  
by:

I stayed to dispute,

I did,

With that ornery scrap of lead in my thigh.

The Jerrys whanged and howled and  
zoomed,

Filling the fog with flying dirt;

But the thing that worried me the most,

Was a hungry cootie, inside my shirt.

I grabbed, and he dodged: I grabbed once  
more,

But the beast was not where he was be-  
fore!

He had gone,

He had,

To my belt for a second helping of gore.

He bit, and, just as I ducked to grab,

A shell sang past where my head had  
been;

But I got that coot! As I watched the  
splash,

Tucked him gently back in my shirt, and  
then

Says I—"Old Hew in the Strife,

You've kept ten thousand from one fond  
wife;

Can't give you a Croix de Guerre, old man,  
But I'll give you,

I can,

A home for the rest of your life!!

Now that the open season for courts-mar-  
tial has drawn to an end, life in the Quar-  
ters has settled down to the same old weary  
round of pleasure; scrubbing folks' ears and  
toes, and sloshing around with a dustrag.  
The news of the week is that there is no  
news. The weather has almost inspired  
some people to take a hook and line and  
play hookey in the good- old-fashioned way,  
but as it hasn't happened yet, that isn't  
news; or if it has happened without our  
knowledge, for the Luv' o' Mud tell us  
WHERE you dug the bait!

### THE IMPORTANCE OF A LETTER.

One letter omitted from a sentence will  
certainly work wonders, as, for instance,  
these newspaper reports, all of them made  
absurd by the omission of a single letter:

The conflict was fierce and the enemy  
was repulsed with great LAUGHTER.

A man was arrested yesterday on the  
charge of having EATEN a cabman.

An employé in the service of the gov-  
ernment was accused of having stolen a  
small OX from the mail. The stolen prop-  
erty was found in the man's vest pocket.

A Russian soldier was found dead with  
a long WORD sticking in his throat.

—The Oteen.

(Continued from page 16.)

## WHAT DO YOU MEAN--PRIVATE?

(By Harry C. Bransky)

In the army they call me Private  
 There sure is some mistake  
 There is nothing private about me  
 I have been questioned and examined by  
 fifty physicians  
 And they haven't missed a blemish  
 I have told my previous occupation and my  
 salary  
 I have confessed to being unmarried  
 And having no children  
 I have nothing in my past that has not been  
 revealed  
 I sleep in a room with fifty room-mates  
 I eat with three hundred and wash my mess-  
 kit in the same can  
 I take my bath with the entire company  
 I wear a suit of the same material  
 And cut as five million other men  
 I have to tell where I want to go  
 When I take a walk I see nothing but Pri-  
 vates like myself  
 I have to tell a physician every time I kiss  
 a pretty girl  
 I never have a moment to myself  
 And yet they call me Private  
 Private, HELL! What do you mean?

A woman was pitying a wounded man and  
 her sympathy was so profuse that he was  
 moved to tell her the tale: "It was nothin',  
 mum;" he said, "you see, it was this way:  
 The three of us—my buddy, a shell, and I—  
 were trying to get to a hole first, and the  
 shell beat me there, that's all." "Oh, my  
 poor, dear boy—that it awful" "Oh, no,  
 mum—but you ought to see my buddy. He  
 beat the shell!"

## MY LAST OPERATION.

(And a few reasons why I didn't enjoy it.)  
 The would-be humor of the rest of the  
 ward concerning my last will and testa-  
 ment.

The nervous anxiety of the Blue Bird  
 who gave me my shot, and the unnatural  
 cleanness of my nails.

The loose hind wheel on the stretcher.

The inquisitive young things at the oper-  
 ating room, who stared at me while I wait-  
 ed, and made comments on what they  
 found in my chart.

The self-satisfied beaming of the party  
 who insisted that I say: "One, two three."

The surgeon who ordered quiet just when  
 a corpsman was in the middle of telling a  
 good story.

The scissors they left inside.

The disappointment I experienced on find-  
 ing that it wasn't scissors but only my  
 imagination.

The things I never will believe I said.

The surgeon who looked me over after-  
 ward and remarked that he thought a cou-  
 ple more operations like this would fix me  
 up all right.

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### GLEANINGS OF THE WINDY CITY

(Continued from page 18.)

alongside the Captain, and the following conversation is said to have taken place:

Capt.: "Eh, Sgt. Got a chew? I'm about plum out."

Sgt.: "You bet I have, Capt. Kind of prepared for the trip."

Capt.: "Great day for Climaxing."

Sgt.: "Yes, 'tis."

Capt.: "Chicago's quite a village, eh, Sgt.?"

Sgt.: "Yep. Some great stretches of land; look at that acre."

Capt.: "Were you over at the Zoo?"

Sgt.: "Yes, sir! I bought some seeds for the birds, but they were all caged in so I fed them to the Lions."

The steady drone of the motor, coupled with the spring air and—what not, made our correspondent drowsy, and we are unable to give further particulars of this memorable ride to our eager readers, much to our regret. Suffice it to say that the day must surely have been a most enjoyable one, and that we may expect our Detachment Commander to pay the Big Village another visit in the not-far-distant future.

### RUBBER STAMPS.

When are you going home?

State your case briefly.

Forwarded, recommending disapproval.

Hey, K. P.! Get us something to eat!

Date not specified.

Restricted to quarters,—Seven, eight and nine.

'Dja get your discharge?

Shoot the spuds.

Services cannot be spared without disrupting the organization.

When do we eat?

Did they call the roll this morning?

When do you go up before the BOARD?

Did you have your hearing?

Gee, I wish I was out of this hole?

Orderly-e-e-e.

'Dja hear the latest?

What date did they give ya?

Two months and two-thirds.

### A KISS.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition of no use to anyone, yet absolute bliss to two. The young boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl it means faith, to a married woman hope, and to the old maid charity.

Sergeant of the Guard (to Mike Murphy, hurrying up and down his beat): "Hi, Mike, what's the trouble?"

Mike: "Sure, an' there's no trouble at all."

Sergeant: "Then what are you running for?"

Mike: "Well, ain't I on duty here for two hours? I'm only trying to get in me two hours quick."—Pearson's Weekly.

## FROM BILL TO BUDDY.

(Continued from page 13.)

When you are old enough to retire, you get three-fourths of your pay and \$15.75 extra for quarters, light, etc., for the rest of your life. They also let a retired soldier buy from the Q. M. and Commissary at cost prices, which is a big saving, you know.

If a guy has anything at all in him, he will be a sergeant by that time which will put him on easy street with about ninety bucks rolling in every month for just putting his John Henry on the old pay voucher. Sitting on the world, eh, boy?

Now listen to me, Buddy, for I have been home and looked it over. Give this dope of mine the once-over and go in and talk it over with the old man. He can give you the right dope, too. See you are slated for an early return so you will be rolling into this camp for demobilizin' soon, and can see for yourself. Take a run down to the Camp Recruiting Station and talk it over with Capt. David Parry, who is in charge. He's an old-timer, himself, and knows the game from every angle. He is a regular guy and will help you get into the right branch where you can do the most for yourself. Their place is handy, too, right in the middle of the camp, at 11th and W. Service, close to where you will be quartered. It is at Building 1130 West.

Am leaving here tomorrow for 30 days furlough and am going out to the old burg in Iowa. Will run over and see your mother while I am there.

Take my tip, Buddy, and think this over.  
Always your old bunkie,

BILL.

"OUI, OUI"

'Twas hard for him in foreign lands  
To hear a foreign tongue,  
With all the boys and girls so gay  
And he so very young.

"Just one French word I know," said he,  
"And that I'll use, I'll say "Oui Oui."

He got along most famously,  
This doughboy out in France.  
He mingled with all the folk,  
Though he did not advance  
In French. Nay, not the least degree,  
And all he said was just "Oui Oui."

Still some folks do not seem to care  
How little one may say,  
At least with this young friend of ours  
The girl he met in Gay Paree,  
Was quite content with just "Oui Oui."

Yet, she was quite a clever maid,  
Or else it was just fate;  
For in her quiet little voice,  
In French (though she did hesitate)  
"Your wife, I'd like to be"  
And he replied "Oui, Oui, Oui, Oui."

I. M. S.

European

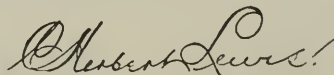
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## ELMER JACKSON PHOTOGRAPHER

422 E. State St. Rockford, Ill.

### Will Was Detained

Plane News, Feb. 11, 1970.—Mr. Will E. Waite passed away quietly of old age in his bunk in barrack 7 in the ruins known as the A. E. F. Aviation camp near Issodun, France. His last request was that the following letters be read to the few remaining members of that ill-fated expedition known in days of old as the A. E. F.

New York, Feb. 5, 1919.

Dearest Will:—If you could only see the new baby. He is a darling, and so like his dear father. I have named him Will Jr., after you, dear. When are you coming home?

Your loving wife,

Laura.

New York, June 1, 1942.

Dear Dad:—You should see her; such hair and such eyes. Dad, you couldn't help loving her. Nell and I were married three days ago. When are you coming home?

Your son,

Will Jr.

New York, May 1, 1944.

Dear Dad—He is a chip off the old block—your grandson, I mean. I have named him Tom, after your brother, Uncle Tom, who was killed, so you wrote, in the battle of the S. O. S. When are you coming home?

Your son,

Will Jr.

New York, June 29, 1965.

Dear Grandfather:—I have just returned from college. Father and mother are away on a little trip, so granny and I are here alone. She is becoming very old and feeble and her one thought is just to see you again before she is called away. When are you coming home?

Your grandson,

Tom.

N. B.—Mr. Will E. Waite has been expecting orders from Tours since the date of the first letter. During all the long years of waiting he has never lost faith. Every day for sixty years he would return from the Personnel office with the same old cheerful smile that we all knew and loved. God rest his soul in peace.—Plane News.

If wounded soldiers could turn one-tenth of the good advice they receive from kindly ladies into cash—what a bankroll!

Quit riding the bugler—every job has its little morning joker.

You can keep your uniform, comrade, because you are trusted to uphold the dignity that the O. D. represents.

The O. D., while making the rounds the other night, commented on the ventilation in Barracks No. 282. "Who broke all the windows?"

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Base Hospital Team, Sunday  
May 4th.

Can be seen in the ticket office  
window at the 3-eye league ball  
yard every day.

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Seam Suits are now  
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Call for our Hart  
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